

Hazel St.

Deerhunter

There was no connecting my actions with words
In the bright sunlight the movement of birds
The car ride home was blinded again
The light would not focus, the light would not bend

There's no use calling, I know what you'd say
Over and over, it ended today
Words lost their meaning and could not explain
Why the subject was always just out of frame

I was sixteen
I lived on Hazel Street
Protect me from the scene
And guide me with your heat

I was sixteen
I lived on Hazel Street
Protect me from the scene
And guide me with your heat

Ice forms in sheets
They're melting in the street
The ice forms in sheets
They're melting in the street